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THE DIFFERENCE.

HAD MR. BRYAN been elected instead of Mr. McKinley what beautiful possibilities would the present industrial situation present for Republican editorialists. With prices going up and wages being kept down, failures more numerous than they were for the same period last year, mills shutting down in various parts of the east, factory employees going on strike and the inauguration of what may prove to be one of the biggest railroad strikes in history, the editorial columns of Republican papers would be kept boiling with learned disquisitions on cause and effect.

It would have been made clear to the most casual reader that Mr. Bryan's election had unsettled the business of the nation, that the proud commercial structure which Republican care and Republican wisdom had reared in the last four years had been shaken to its corner stones by the election of this wretched man Bryan. People would be advised to take nothing but gold and use their stockings for banking houses. The editorial hysterics that followed the selection of Cleveland on a tariff reform platform would be repeated and no effort overlooked to start a panic under way.

How different the editorial tone now! Strikes, failures, shut-downs are merely the result of local conditions. The fact that the Republican policy of centralizing the wealth and commerce in the hands of a few has heightened the cost of living to the masses and lessened their wages has, of course, nothing to do with the prevailing conditions. The trusts have nothing to do with the factories shutting down. The Republican party having endorsed the full dinner pail can surely have nothing to do with business failures and strikes. Certainly Mr. McKinley could have done nothing to bring about such things for is not he absolute monarch of the Philippines and everyone who knows anything about monarchs knows that a king can do no wrong.

No, these strikes, failures and shut-downs simply happen. Under Democratic administrations they are the various effects of one gigantic cause. Under Republican rule they are unique, unaccountable occurrences.

HOT AIR FOR MR. KRUGER.

BY THE TIME MR. KRUGER gets through with his European jaunt he will have a comprehensive idea of what is commonly called in this country "hot air." So far as one can see, this promises to be about as much as he will gain by the trip.

When Mr. Kruger landed in France one would have thought the nation was ready to put him at the head of an army of invasion and send him on a tour of conquest through England. Enthusiasm bubbled and spluttered around the old gentleman wherever he went, but when he asked for a little favor like intervention, he was assured that while France was willing and eager to do everything in her power, this was impossible at the present time. A similar state of affairs has reigned in Holland since his arrival with a similar ending.

Germany and Russia have already sent their hot air by mail. They are both deeply interested in Oom Paul, have great personal love for him, would do anything in the world to help him out, but intervention is impossible, and the one has an emperor too busy and the other a czar too sick to accord Mr. Kruger the reception such a distinguished and beloved personage should be given.

Mr. Kruger's fate shows the great blessings enjoyed by those who are American citizens. Had Mr. Kruger lived here he would never have been lured to Europe on any such wild goose chase. Had he not at one time or another been to Washington in quest of a promised office and come back with his pockets empty and his head full of cold "jolly," he would have had some neighbor who had and could have profited by the experience. The hot air industry is an old one in this country, but it seems to be new to the Boers, and perhaps it is a good thing that Oom Paul has taken a full course and got his sucker's certificate before he settles among us and begins with the American brand of politics.

If it be true that without subsidy it is impossible for Americans to build and operate vessels at a profit, and if it also be true that in the last five months nearly 500 vessels have been built, some one must have some pretty straight inside information that Mr. Hanna's bill is going to become law.

If the Santa Fe tie-up continues, Santa Claus may have a hard time making the toes of eastern stockings bulge with oranges on Christmas morning.

The queen's health is drunk every day by all the officers of her army, and her age seems to indicate that they are mighty successful health drinkers.

It is said that when Senator Hanna catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror these days the look of sympathy that pours from his soulful eyes often melts the quicksilver to tears.

What does King Carlos care if Queen Wilhelmina has the pouts and refuses to let him yell down her rain barrel, so long as he gets nice, long letters from Auntie Victoria?

Spirits are said to have led to the discovery of a Utah mine. Spirits of a different sort are also alleged to have been the cause of losing many a mine.

SOCIETY NEWS.

The Ladies' Literary club was yesterday the scene of a very pretty wedding. The bride was Miss Marian Theilacker, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Lichtenstein, and the groom Louis Edward Boukorsky, a well known commercial traveler.

The ceremony was performed in the reception room of the club house at 5:30 o'clock, Rabbi Reynolds officiating.

The room was handsomely decorated under the direction of a leading florist company. The bridal party stood in the front of the platform beneath graduated arches of green festooned with smilax and carnations. In the rear was suspended a floral monogram of the happy couple, done in pink on a bed of green. The background was filled with palms and plants, and the chandeliers were festooned with green. The bride wore an exquisite gown of white liberty satin over tulle. The skirt was in train and was finished with innumerable fluffy acordion pleatings. The bodice was high in the neck, with collar and girde of panne, and was draped over the shoulders with a fichu in Marie Antoinette effect. Her veil was of Brussels net and she wore white bride roses. Her sister, Mrs. Max H. Harris, was matron of honor. She wore white tulle draped with a robe of applique. The bridesmaids wore white and was trimmed with duchesse lace. Harry Lichtenstein of New York, best man and little Joe Fulop served as ring bearer.

The bride's mother was gowned in black grenadine, with trimmings of duchesse lace. The bride's sister, Mrs. Maurice Summerfield of Seattle, wore black silk crepe de chine, decollete, with trimmings of jet. The groom's mother, Mrs. Amiel Boukorsky, was gowned in black silk crepe, with trimmings of renaissance. The groom's sister, Mrs. D. L. Fulop, wore black lace, with ruffles of chiffon and trimmings of point lace. Christensen's orchestra was in attendance and played Mendelssohn's wedding march during the entrance of the bridal party, and selections from Lohengrin during the benediction.

Following the ceremony an elaborate dinner was served by Franklin, covers being laid for thirty. The tables were arranged in the banquet hall and were beautified with the bridal colors of pink and green. Toasts were proposed to the happy couple, Simon acting as toastmaster. Many congratulatory telegrams from absent friends were received and were read aloud.

From 8 until 12 a large reception was held, over 150 guests being present. Dancing was enjoyed and light refreshments and punch were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Boukorsky left this morning for a tour of California. They will be at home after Jan. 10 at the Knutsford.

The next assembly ball will be given on the 19th.

Judge and Mrs. J. C. Royle left Sunday for southern California, where they will remain during the greater part of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sherman have gone to San Francisco to spend the holidays.

Mr. C. S. Burton left yesterday morning to join his family at Pacific Grove, Cal.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Frawley company opened their week at the Theatre last night with Sardou's great work, "Madame Sans-Gene." The audience was more fashionable than gigantic, but it is a safe prediction that the other pieces in the Frawley repertoire will prove greater drawing cards by far. It is to be hoped they will arouse more enthusiasm for last night's audience, it must be said, was extremely cold.

The trouble is that somebody has been trying to improve on Sardou's genius by modernizing his play. The effort is deplorable. Imagine, after making all due allowances for the character—a laundry woman—a member of Napoleon's court, making use of such expressions as "We won't do a thing to 'em." "That's the limit." "I've got 'em where I want 'em, and I'll give 'em their money's worth," etc., etc. It is as great an incongruity as could possibly exist. Mr. Frawley might as well have his characters come in on bicycles, or allow the empress to sing a little rag-time in the middle of an act. Perhaps we could scarcely expect it to be the production Kilder gave us. But what improvement could be made by restoring the original lustre of the dialogue and eliminating the Saphroesque scene "Sans Gene" has with Joseph in the first act, a scene which leads every spectator to feel that it is fortunate the two characters are playing man and wife. The person who trifled so freely with the presentation intended by the author should cut it out. Not that he loves the galleries less, but his audience more. He should have more respect for the artist.

Since the production of "Sans Gene" the performance was splendid. Mr. Frawley returns to Salt Lake with the strongest organization, perhaps, he ever brought here. Miss Van Buren, in the title role, at once sprang into favor. It was the opinion of many that she reads closely upon the heels of Kathryn Kilder as the Parisian laundry girl, in the prologue, and again as the duchess in the play. What Miss Van Buren might lack in strength she more than supplies in beauty and grace. When she failed to bring a good round of applause even from the Arctic audience, it was the fault of her lines. Mr. Frawley makes a splendid Napoleon. His work was full of snarl and vigor. He at once impresses his auditors as feeling the part of the irritable emperor.

The character of Fouché, the chief of police in the hands of Wallace Shaw, and it would be hard to improve upon his interpretation, if at times, he would not let his delineation run away with his enthusiasm. The good round of applause given to the duchess was all the character calls for, and the minor roles are, as a whole, acceptably filled.

The costume of "Sans Gene" is magnificent. Tonight the company presents "The Great Ruby," one of the most fascinating works in the repertoire, and a great New York success. "A Stranger in New York" with the magic name of Hoyt behind it, opens at the Grand Theatre for two evenings and a matinee. The sale began yesterday, and the indications are that the house will be packed.

Bayard Veiller, press agent for the Cummings stock company, has hit upon a method of advertising books and magazines. It is the insertion of various marks, bearing half-tone engravings of famous members of the company, in all the books of the public library and in the book stores of the city from now on.

COUNT CASTELLANE II.
 WANTS NO HEIRESSSES.
 (San Francisco Call.)
 Count Ademar Castellane, who reached this country a few days ago, and his friend, Jean Paleologue, the designer of posters signed "Pal," have been talking to the reporters. By the way, Paleologue talks ten languages, and swears in eleven. They were breakfasting when the early newspaper man located them.

Say to your newspaper that I not come here to catch heiresses," the count said. "New York cannot be a busy place, since every one has so much time to jossip."

"Gossip," corrected Mr. Paleologue. "That word," the count repeated. "Yes, I come here in pursuit of something, but not of heiresses. That which I catch is champagne drinkers."

"All the nobility of France is here now," he sighed. "Why do they work?"

Because they have to. Yes, all the nobility of the France work," and his eyes fell upon a distinguished-looking waiter who had just entered the room with a bunch of finger bowls.

"That which I sell is champagne," he exclaimed, vehemently. "I sell him in gross or by the case, by the shipful; but my title of count—that never was in the market. All that was some gossip."

"Gossip," corrected Mr. Paleologue. "That was some gossip," the count repeated. "I have never said anything in your papers that I have come here to see a young lady which was rich. What was the result? Although I much appreciate her, I cannot call upon her just because of that gossip."

"Gossip," said Mr. Paleologue. "That word," the count said, vehemently. "I only learn him today. In the France we have more of that word and more of that thing. Here I stay three months, most of those months in New York, where I have friends."

"Did your cousin, Count Boni, give you any introductions?" was the next question.

"The artist and the count both exploded. Their lips curled with a curl of scorn after they had wildly gesticulated. "Count Ademar belongs to the real Castellane family, the elder branch," said the artist. "Count Boni is an outsider, a rank lobster."

"It has been reported," said Count Ademar, "that the artist and the count both exploded. Their lips curled with a curl of scorn after they had wildly gesticulated."

"It is not true," Miss Bacon, by example, had no riches, except that which her father gives to her, and he is still somewhat young, does not regard like one which dies very soon."

It had been reported that Mr. Paleologue—who is of noble descent himself, having a history which he received from the Roumanian government in exchange for one of his original drawings—is also here to offer himself in the American matrimonial market.

"It's about as true as the story of the count's plans," he said. "I'll tell you why we are here if you want to know. He lowered his voice to a whisper and added: 'Count Ademar is here to sell champagne—I'm here to drink it.'"

But the gossips still maintain that Count Ademar is here to sell champagne, and that he has brought the artist along to act as best man.

Queen Makes Scarfs.

(London Mail.)
 The queen, ever thoughtful for the welfare of her soldiers, recently worked four scarfs with her own hands, to be given to the "best all-round men" taking part in the South African campaign.

One of the fortunate recipients was Corporal Seavert Perrett of the Queen's Royal West Surrey regiment, and he has just sent her majesty's gift home to his wife at Slough.

The scarf is of khaki colored Berlin wool, and is one and a half yards long and nine inches wide. It has a fringe at both ends, and on one of the beautifully made little knots of blue are sewn the letters "P. R.," which are minutely worked in white silk.

Corporal Seavert Perrett, who is 37 years old, went out to South Africa in the Yorkshire at the end of last October. He took part in the battle of Colenso, and has been with General Buller, throughout the campaign.

Ms. Perrett has loaned the scarf to the exhibition being held at Guildford, which is her husband's depot, to benefit the fund for providing for the protection and preservation of the graves of the fallen brave in South Africa.

Couldn't Fool Him.

(Indianapolis Press.)
 "This," said the chemo peddler, "represents an Oriental dance." "What does 'Oriental' mean?" asked the head of the house.

"You got out? They don't stand for no dance like that in the east. I'm from Connecticut, an' I know."

Another Name for Them.

(Philadelphia Record.)
 Hoax—Since you've made a lot of money I suppose your wife keeps a lot of help?

Joak—No; but she has three or four hindrances.

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The Capes we call your particular attention to are an excellent quality of kersey effect, made in several different styles, some double caped, with fur, or Hercules braid, with strong trimmings. The prices were \$1.50 to \$2.50, selling now for

\$1.00 to \$3.50.

A few Astrachan Capes, with ankora fur trimmings, nicely lined with serviceable silk, several styles, to be sold. The prices were \$2.50 to \$3.00, selling now for

\$3.50 to \$6.75.

Then there are the heavy heavier effects, double caped with fur trimmings, edge, and ornamented with Hercules or Soutache braid. The prices were \$2.50 to \$3.50, selling now for

\$1.00 to \$4.75.

It is no use to enumerate them, for we have such a variety that it would take lots of space to tell about them, so we will simply invite you to call and see these bargains, and you will surely be convinced of their merits.

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